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# Innis Herald

## International Women's Day

by Danielle Savage

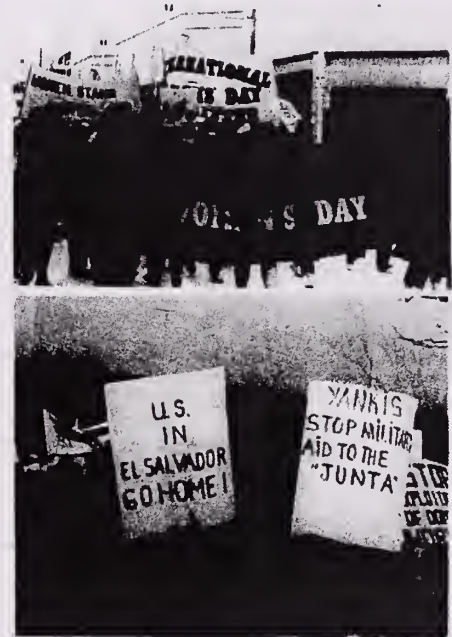
What can you say about the International Women's Day rally held on March 8th? Was it a success? "It was very successful," said Carolyn Egan of the International Women's Day Committee. She was enthusiastic about the large turnout this year — 5,000 people was the police estimate, as opposed to 2,000 people last year. She felt the reason for this was greater organization and planning; mainly, that the four key issues of the march helped pull people together, whereas last year there were many different issues being discussed, separately, to the detriment of the spirit of the march as a whole. The four premises were: childcare, economic independence, an end to violence against women, and to stop the rise of the right.

When these key issues were presented to the audience by the first speaker, Sue Gange, they received great cheers. In fact, the last point allowed some leftist groups whose attitudes towards feminism were not clear to take part in the protest, such as the Committee of Solidarity with the People of El Salvador. This also explained some of the official

marching chants: "El Pueblo Unido Jamas Sera Vencida (The People United will never be defeated)," and "Get the U.S. out of El Salvador."

Nevertheless, there was a feeling of solidarity among the many groups represented there, the second speaker, Sue Colley, first invited all present at the rally to demonstrate at a Pro-Life rally to be held that evening at Massey Hall: about 500 people actually did protest it. She then condemned the token efforts of Premier Davis to institute daycare facilities in Ontario as wholly inadequate. She also spoke of the recent steam-bath raids as a factor for a stronger sense of mutual purpose between gays and women because of the raid many gays apparently decided to join the rally.

All in all, the rally, and the subsequent march and fair, seemed to have generated much enthusiasm. Since the various political and social groups who participated received attention and support from people they normally would not reach, then the day can be said to have been worthwhile.



## Oh, the Painful Process of Becoming an Academic!

by Debbie Rienboth

My class has been over for a half hour. Finally, I gather enough courage to glance at my essay which is worth 30% of my grade. I have visions of an abrupt end to what could have been a brilliant academic career. But alas I must accept my fate with dignity. I look — and flash a smile of relief at the sight of my B.

Upon regaining my composure, I cast about for my Professor's comments. "At points effectively analyzed, argued and documented, but at others, the paper collapses into a pile of confused verbiage." Obviously a carefully thought out, complete explanation of my work. Indeed, it indicates where I went wrong, and what I should do about correcting it.

How I await and dream — even fantasize — of the moment when after years of sweat, toil, and poverty a prestigious institution like the University of Toronto will grant me (of all people) a PhD. Then I am elevated to a realm where my peers are few, and the air itself thin. I put in my time, and eventually receive the award of awards, my so comfortable tenure which allows me to perpetually (even through senility) influence and indoctrinate the naive, undeveloped minds of my undergraduate peons.

Then semi-annually, from high upon Olympus, I can take my students' papers and divide them into the A's (of course very few) and the F's and the large grey mass in-between. Oh I can see it all now: I carefully go through making little sub-piles (my B-pile, my plain B-pile, and my B+ pile), reshuffling them, and furiously pushing the buttons on my calculator in order to arrive at the Faculty of Arts and Science Ideal mark curve.

Of course, this action will enhance my departmental standing and above all my academic reputation. And as I go to sleep at night, I can feel demonic joy in knowing that my students are in a

departmental standing and above all my academic reputation. And as I go to sleep at night, I can feel demonic joy in knowing that my students are in a perpetual state of fear and trembling as they wait eight weeks for the unknown, uncontrollable pronouncements on their scholastic destiny.

As an undergraduate, being fully aware of my embryonic status, I make a respectful demand upon my elevated and industrious professors. Mark my work keeping in mind that, at least ideally, it is my best effort, and that a considerable amount of time has gone into it. Perhaps you should save your sarcastic jargon for your peers, (fellow-professors included) and do what you are expected to do: teach and instruct.

What "confused verbiage" indicates to me in the limited space of my mind, is that at least at one place in my paper I have made a major error. This has resulted in a failure to adequately communicate my point or argument. However, I do not know in particular what my problem is — what constitutes "confused verbiage." Is my use of vocabulary incorrect? Do I have a problem with structure? For example, is my sentence structure faulty or are my paragraphs incoherent? Is it a minor or major problem? Do I simply have to take more care when I type or should I make extensive use of the Writing Lab?

What a fool I am to think that part of being a teacher is to evaluate, and to indicate how to avoid making the same mistake again. "There are some good ideas afloat" or "There is a better essay lurking inside this one," so I am told, great! I'm not a total write-off; but I still have to guess what you mean. And I thought that in scholarship that there was no guessing, only substantiated fact. If my paper is "confused verbiage," then your comments, are in terms of teaching or constructive use, also "confused verbiage." And a testament to your ego. (Please note:

this constitutes effective use of sentence fragment.)

More time for each paper, that is what this amounts to. Already profs. say they spend too much time marking essays. Fifty English papers to mark, in this Harvard of the North, puts a strain upon a Professor.

However, the cutbacks hurt me, the student, worst of all. I am trying to learn in a third year "seminar" environment with 49 other students. Therefore, the only time I get to approach work directly and with any depth is through my papers. I spend time researching, writing and revising and in return I receive but two lines. It is simply unacceptable. When the only type of individual contact I have with my professor is through two such eloquent lines of his prose, something must be wrong with the educational process. But then I am only a confused student having trouble with words.

I do not suggest lowering academic standards, and indeed, I expect and deserve an A only when I have earned it. In the same way I deserve an F if the paper warrants it. A professor marks my essay because he is the professor, the expert, and because I am the student, the learner. However, he must justify my mark. If he can specify where I have gone wrong in my content, organization, or style, then any mark is fair. But a bald, seemingly simple arbitrary grade breaks down the whole teaching process.

I want to rid my papers of "confused verbiage" and I want a specific indication of my problems. And I demand to be graded in full consideration of my individuality. Perhaps what would be the best remedy, for those dull or conveniently vague memories, would be for my professor to distribute, not his last book or PhD. thesis, but a random sampling of his undergraduate papers to the class. We can all see how many times "confused verbiage" appeared on his papers, and ask him to explain how he coped with it.



# Education By Participation: INI 206

by Doug Beale

One of the most innovative and unconventional courses currently being taught at this university is *Power and Strategy in City Politics*. What makes this Innis College course unique is that it challenges the traditional academic approach by placing the emphasis on active participation in the subject of study rather than being confined to a largely abstract and theoretical consideration of it. Students learn about political processes at the city level through an internship program set up to allow each student the opportunity to work closely with an alderman on a specific ward problem, in research, in organizing citizen's groups, or whatever else their alderman finds necessary or appropriate. As an insider at City Hall, students often find themselves privy to information and the behind the scenes politicking which is not available to the press or others. Thus the INI206 student is able to gain a perspective on city politics that could not be otherwise gained through reading or attending lectures.

The course was begun by Dr. Alan Powell in 1970 on an experimental basis under the now defunct program of Interdisciplinary Studies, and when taken over by Innis College it became the first course on which the subsequent urban program at Innis was built. Powell's academic training is in the area of Sociology but he has a long history of political involvement. He was one of the key organizers in the successful fight to stop the completion of the Spadina expressway which would have cut along the western boundary of the university. When questioned about the approach of the course, Powell's response was that "the political process is so subtle and so fast that the only way people can learn what it's about is by working in it. The difference between my approach and others is a bit like the difference between watching television and reading a book in that the political process is linear and involves the sight, sound, touch — a variety of the learning senses in a way that reading a book doesn't."

The course has periodically come under fire by elements within the faculty council or from other departments who charge that the course does not fit into the normal parameters of what an academic course is supposed to be about. They point out that there are no mandatory writing assignments, tests or examinations. Students evaluate themselves in conjunction with the instructor; discrepancies are arbitrated by the class. Professor Powell admits to what he calls a "healthy mutual distrust" between the upper echelon of the administration and himself but adds that "when there have been murmurings both registrar and principal have come to the defence of the course because they understand what goes on in the course and they understand its meaning." In fact, a brief survey of the course evaluation forms compiled by students over the years is probably enough to refute anyone who may harbor doubts as to the course's validity. The common strain which runs through the remarks of former students of INI206 is that the course was the toughest and most demanding that they had ever taken.

One gets the sense that graduates remain active in city politics long after they have completed the course. Some have gained jobs at City Hall as a direct result of their participation in INI206, while others tend to become active only when a particular issue in municipal politics arises which concerns them.

Allan Powell's chief aim in teaching the course is to "shock my students into an understanding of what the political process at the city level is about." It seems that the course is highly successful in achieving this end largely because of its format which provides the opportunity, freedom and incentive to learn. One wonders why there are not more courses like this one.



## Pinball: Back From The Dead

by Sandy Tse

Deep down in the claustrophobic dungeons of Innis College one will find a room filled with bodies writhing and jerking, as if in pain, voices screaming as if in agony, the bells ringing, tolling the death of another pinball game. The battle of man against machine is once again visible in the reopened Innis Pinball Parlour. This is no more evident than with the game *Cor-Cor*, which taunts its victims with the words "Me Cor Cor, Beat Ya!"

While for many people pinball is a way to kill a little time, or an inexpensive hobby, for many it becomes an all consuming passion. To beat the game is the ultimate (and safe) manifestation of ancient gladiatorial battles. Every pinball aficionado has his own, personal arch-enemy. One machine which he will play constantly, to learn about his opponent, find its weakness and defeat it. The degree of success can be measured by that not so elusive quantity; the high score. The machines at Innis display the remarkable ability of our players. The scores range from 87,000 on *Moon Cresto* to 330,000 on *Volley*, and even 99,000 on *Countdown*.

For many these mechanical, electronic monstrosities are alive, and waiting for some unsuspecting victim to casually stroll by. They have their own personalities and moods. This explains such odd comments as "The machine's not giving me anything today" or "It's in a bad mood, I've been getting zip-all". But the enjoyment isn't necessarily getting the free game. It seems that the trance-like, dance-like ritual that almost all the players engage in with the machine can be enough. This is especially noticeable in the newer games when the noise and tempo of the sounds rise to a crescendo, paralleling the excitement of the players until the point where the climax of the ball is reached; then you start all over again.

The Innis Pinball Parlour, since its re-opening in January, now sports seven games: *Countdown*, *Cor Cor*, *Fast Draw*, *Folley*, *Flash*, *Space Invaders*, and *Moon Cresto* (*Black Magic*). The room is open from 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Monday to Friday. Attendants are always available to make change or give refunds, and the price is right at 25¢ per five ball game.



## Artwork in Town Hall

The exhibit now hanging in Town Hall is some of the work of the Canadian artist Pat Jeffries. Pat was recently awarded a grant from The Greenshields Foundation of Montreal. She's interested in using the money to do a large scale mural on the south wall in Town Hall. Her theme will be an anti violence one and all Innisites are encouraged to see her exhibit to get an idea of the sort of work that she does. Innis College Council's House Committee will be making a decision shortly on whether or not to go ahead with the mural. If you have any comments on the idea of a mural in Town Hall, or on her work in general, please put them on paper and drop them into room 131 and they'll be forwarded to the committee.

## I.C.S.S. Community Involvement Awards

Nominations are now open for all ten awards. They are awarded to an Innis student for outstanding contribution to the Innis community and its social, political, and athletic activities.

Nomination Forms Available In Rm. 116  
March 23 to April 10



# How Computers Change Our Lives

by Roddy Macdonald

In our modern world computers have an effect on all our lives. Everything we do in day to day life is, in some way, controlled, recorded or monitored by computers. Every individual in our society is effected. Computers tell us how much we earn, how much we can spend, how effectively our business is being run, even how much gas we're using in our cars. Computers take inventory in our stores, they print the price tags and they calculate our bill at the check-out counter. Here at U. of T. they keep our academic records, they address our mail and they tell us how much we owe (in rare instances they issue us cheques, but it would seem that this is an out-dated function!). All our courses are recorded on computer and any changes we make must be registered in the computer to be valid.

There are some students, though, whose lives are affected to a much greater extent than this. For some of us the computer regulates not only our social lives, but our eating habits, sleeping hours, academic performance and even our thoughts! The computers here at U. of T. are large and powerful, but, thankfully, they only have this powerful effect on certain students and even then, only at certain times. The students concerned are, of course, those studying computer science. About every three weeks when the course assignments come due, computer science students find not just how much those computers really do change their lives.

A computer science student at U. of T. is faced with many problems and long hours at the terminal are often the only way to solve them. Unlike many other courses, most work in CSC requires access to the terminals and the various machines that, in turn, give access to the central computer. Books can be read on the subway or bus, but a computer program requires access to a key punch (for most courses) and to the computer itself. Chemistry labs have enough equipment — usually — for each lab group and specific times are allotted to carry out one's experiments; running a computer program requires one's stamina to line up and wait for a turn at the machines.

The hane of every computer science student's life is the broken key punch. Arriving in the crowded terminal room I spot an unoccupied machine; Luck of the Gods! my timing is perfect. I shoulder my way through the crowds and plunk myself down at the machine, after setting out all my books and papers (the likelihood of having a machine taken while lining up for the card reader is inversely proportional to the percentage of desk area one can cover with personal belongings: books, jacket, pens, rulers, lots of paper and used cards are all tools of the trade) I set to work typing my cards. Not far long — Holy Broken Button Batman! the release button doesn't work and I'm left with half a dozen cards jammed in the track and a machine that won't turn off. Looking up I see the snug looks on the faces of those I shouldered past to get to the machine. What a fool I feel, never leap to a machine before checking out the feel of the place — if the crowds are frustrated then there are likely to be a lot of broken machines (the overall level of frustration in the crowd can be judged by how messy the room is, how many empty coffee cups there are and how close to Friday it is. The level of frustration indicates how many broken machines there are; the level of frustration on a scale of 1 to 40 is directly proportional to the square of the number of broken machines).

By walking up and down the aisles it is possible to spot someone who looks like they are about finished — don't get excited, they're not. No matter how much work has been done the computer will always throw out a few errors just to keep you guessing. Nevertheless this is the person to stand behind because they'll be finished before someone who's just starting, or at least they'll give up sooner. The real trick is to find someone who hasn't been "claimed" by someone else waiting for a machine, or someone whose "claimant" has been momentarily distracted by the

tight breaking out at the card reader over the deck that's just been knocked to the floor (a well placed mudge can easily start such a distraction if necessary). Once waiting for your target machine (stand close and don't get distracted), it is wise to regularly scan over the other machines in the room to watch for other "claimants" whose target machines have been vacated and who have not yet jumped into their chair. This can often be a major time saver but it is risky.

If one must cross the room to reach the chair in question the time factor becomes important. If there's a hold up before you get there (e.g. a frustrated student — whose cards have been mysteriously shuffled — grabs you by the lapels and starts to scream "I can't stand it any more!"), it is possible to miss the opportunity to grab the chair and at the same time lose your claim on the machine you've been standing over for the last half hour.

One way or another it is possible to get at a key punch machine that works given sufficient time and patience. The problems that arise in trying to use the machine vary from person to person. As well it depends on various other factors, in general the following formula applies:

# of problems/hour & IXs/time of day — # hours sleep in last 48 / # CSC courses being taken/where K is a constant that varies from individual to individual.

Having got a key punch and successfully typed your program, the next series of problems arises when you try to run it. The line-up to get to the card reader will invariably double in length just after you type the last card in your deck. My advice is to wait in your chair and check over your cards — do not go and line up. Better to wait until the line gets shorter, that way there's less chance that you'll lose your key punch while lining up. When you do go and line up, leave the key punch slowly so as not to attract attention to the fact that you're leaving a machine unattended. If the line doesn't get any shorter then I suggest that you take a box lunch.

It's well worth your while to learn the ins and outs of the card reader, and indeed the printer. It is a common sight to see three or four people poking prying at the machine trying to receive a partially digested card or just to figure out why the machine "won't go". One can save a lot of time in the line-up if, knowing the idiosyncrasies of the machine, one steps to the front of the line and with an authoritative voice explains how to solve the problem. Indeed the greatest time saver is to offer to test the new corrected machine with one's own cards. This has the obvious advantage of jumping the queue, but be careful, if the machine is still being temperamental it is possible to lose part of your own deck to a hungry machine. It seems impossible to judge just when these hunger pangs will strike, but strike they will. If not fed a certain number of cards per day the machine gets very cranky indeed (on the other hand, coffee administered in any form will do no good whatsoever, even decaffeinated coffee will cause severe problems!). To those new to the field of computer science, students' anthropomorphism regarding the machines may seem strange. The machines are just machines, after all but it is hard not to apply human characteristics to machines which behave like cranky children! Be gentle with the machines and they often behave better. The card reader misbehaves in various ways; the most common one is to chew up the cards it is supposed to read. When this happens the cards must be identified (not always an easy task unless you have dental records to compare with the remains) and then retyped. The cycle starts again as you line up for a key punch. On occasion the reader will just refuse to read what appears to be a perfectly good card. Humour the machine by retyping it — it won't be any different but the machine may feel better about it (understand what I mean about cranky children?). With a little luck and a lot of patience your cards will be read into the computer; your problems are then transferred to the line printer.

There is very little that goes wrong with the printer

on a regular basis, but it too can be annoying. The printer has a mind of its own. Don't put your cards on top of it because it may decide to dump them. The top of the machine will suddenly lift up and your cards will be scattered all over the floor. Usually when this happens the paper has run out, but on occasion it opens up for no other reason than pure spite. If you're unlucky it will not only dump your cards but will run out of paper right in the middle of printing your output! When this happens two things are necessary. First, one must put more paper in the machine. This is not too tough but don't try it if you don't know what you're doing. Putting paper in incorrectly causes problems to escalate at an alarming rate — besides, it makes everybody in the room more frustrated and so it's even more difficult to get a key punch, particularly if you're responsible. Secondly you must rerun your program. If your output runs over the end of the paper then it's not worth the effort to try and piece it together. In general the printer is the most well behaved machine in the terminal room (with the exception perhaps, of the telephone) and you should be able to get your output with little trouble if you can survive the rough and tumble of the lineup. The best trick is to take note of who's immediately in front of you and wait patiently at a distance (preferably looking busy at your key punch) and re-join the line-up when your output is done.

The access, to, and temperment of, the machines described here represents less than half the problems faced by the computer science student. The most time consuming activity is the debugging of a program once it has been run once. The first stage is to get rid of the innumerable, inevitable, incredible syntax errors. Only the CSC student knows the agony of searching for, and the ecstasy of finding, that missing comma which is responsible for the long list of mistakes that have occupied the last 90 minutes of your life. The misplaced END LOOP card can cause immeasurable problems that may take hours to solve. Even more confusing are the errors which appear out of nowhere: the introduction of a comment card into an error-free program that suddenly becomes error-filled, or the innocent change in a data card which introduces untold errors. The computer has a nasty habit of doing *exactly* what it's told rather than what is required. This can lead to complicated errors in logic which are: a) hard to find, and b) even harder to eradicate. These errors require pages and pages of rough work and computations to trace them out of the program.

All of these delights are known to the computer science student. The time factor involved in solving errors and in using the equipment means that the terminals are as busy at 4:00 a.m. as they are at 4:00 p.m. The camerader that builds up between those unhappy individuals ("Oh God! I know I'm on one") who're there for yet another "all nighter," does nothing to combat the frustration, tiredness and feeling of utter futility which pervades the terminal rooms late at night. All-nighters have dreadful effects on the rest of one's life. Early morning classes are a write-off — even if one stays up long enough to attend them, the adrenalin has ceased to flow and the body will not co-operate in staying upright in one's chair. An all-nighter prior to a full day of classes can be disastrous. Someone willing to take notes in class in your stead is essential to any CSC student.

Needless to say one's social life is thrown out the window when assignments are due; members of sports teams regularly come under the gun for poor performance and regular meals are a thing of the past (or of pleasant dreams — usually at the key punches) when the call of the computer is heard. One's whole outlook on life changes after 72 hours of solid computing, not to mention one's looks — that haggard, smelly, coffee stained individual you pass on St. George during your morning run is not a wino but a computer science student!

Despite all this the crowds persist, the line-ups endure and the all-nighters remain a fact of life at U. of T. Worse than all that though, there's another assignment coming out next week...

## WITHDRAW FROM S.A.C. by Larry Demarco

Let us examine the benefits derived from the existence of the S.A.C. in the cold light of reason: cries of "student solidarity" should fall on deaf ears.

S.A.C. provides several services for students, most of which are duplications of services provided by its constituent councils: free films, pubs, colloquia, newsletters and "newspapers". All are provided by S.A.C. as well as faculty student societies and college student societies.

S.A.C. has provided a useful source for united political action across campus. I emphasize has, not does, it is my firm belief that S.A.C. is no longer capable of gaining grass roots support and therefore is incapable of truly representing student opinion. Politically S.A.C. has become impotent due to its lack of communication with its constituents. COPOUT (Council of Presidents at the University of Toronto) as a representative body has withered away and is

essentially non-existent. The conclusion: there is no cross campus political authority. There exists the potential authority, but at present this remains potential and not actual.

The weakening of SAC's political authority is obvious everywhere, but primarily.

(1) The attitude of the Simcoe Hall administration to SAC;

(2) the behaviour of many student councils and students to SAC proposals;

(3) the acclamation of the 80-81 SAC President, (and most of the board);

(4) SAC's failure to convince students to support its number one priority for the year: the OFS/FEO referendum.

What remains is an organization that is redundant in its services (excluding RBI which is only affiliated with SAC) and ineffective in its political activities. It consumes valuable people giving diminishing returns

in the forms of creativity or student interest.

The problem is obvious, SAC lacks direction, the choice is either dissolution or re-evaluation of what SAC is to students. I would like to see a mandatory 5-year membership referendum (in some ways similar to the notion of Dr. Bliss at CCA in 1978) for all student societies. The OFS/FEO, CFS (or NUS), SAC, AOSC, ASSU, the *Varsity* (which has never been given a mandate from its electorate) and yes, even the ICSS should and must be able to justify their existence to the student body.

But what can be done now to establish the need, or lack of it, for SAC?

Kirk/Rubens has the proper attitude, SAC is very similar to a rhino, the animal, not the party: lazy and slow to react.

It is time for Innis to re-assess its relationship with SAC, as it did before in an attempt to pull out of SAC, and for SAC to justify its very existence



# EDITORIAL

## Whither Art?

by Michael Swan

This essay is about David Bowie. Not the real David Bowie but a projection of him that my mind has assumed and expanded since I first heard him when I was fourteen years old and in grade eight. This David Bowie bears no relation to the man and only a tenuous relation to his projected image. This is another David Bowie.

I am not one of those consummate fans that has followed every nuance of David Bowie's career. I own only one of his albums, "Scary Monsters", which I bought last fall when it was released, and an import forty-five with four tunes on it, "Rebel Rebel", "Queen Bitch", "Sorrow", and "The Port of Amsterdam". I am sure that the bassist on this 45 is the leader of the Lincolns. The Lincolns are the most technically proficient and stylistically precise band I have ever seen. I think that they achieve this precision partly because they are performing historians. They perform precise rhythm and blues the way that Nicholas Harnenquort performs precise Mozart (maybe more precise than Mozart). I have never seen David Bowie perform live.

I have never read a book about David Bowie either, though I have seen these books in Cole's with pictures of androgenous Bowie on the cover in make-up and a tutu. I have read a couple of interviews with him, though the last one that I read was in "Rolling Stone" when the *Heroes* album was released, when *Rolling Stone* was a very different magazine, and that was a very long time ago now. I have listened to David Bowie on the radio for eight, maybe nine, years now, and I watched him on television a couple of times when I was young enough to watch the "Midnight Special".

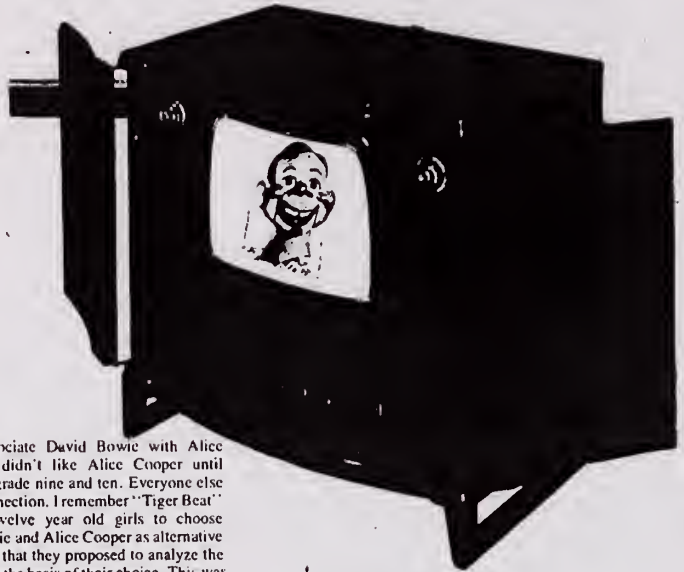
The little old ladies who used to buy records for the Unionville Centennial Library used to ask Grant Gordon, who started out in the same grade as I, what popular music to buy. I think that one of the little old ladies was Grant's great aunt. After *Ziggy Stardust* and the *Red Spiders From Mars* came out Grant made sure that the little old ladies got all the David Bowie as it was released. I used to take them home and play them over and over again. The ones I remember most were *Ziggy Stardust* and *The Spiders From Mars*, *Young Americans* and *Heroes*. *Changes II* came out after I had begun university and could not go to the Unionville Centennial Library and take it out anymore. From a distance (we were never close friends) Grant Gordon and I shared a great deal of music. The last time I talked to Grant he was in highschool preparing to go to Mohawk College and begin a career in solar energy. He's probably making money now while I waste away here at U of T.

The Unionville Library never got "Aladin Sane" but I did hear it complete once, on CHUM FM just before they went corrupt when I was in grade 12. I have a distinct memory of it being great, though I have no memory of how it sounded. I'm sure I listened to *Hunky Dorey* but all I can remember is the jacket painting. I know there was another early album, just a collection of early singles, that I never heard. That album is probably not available anymore. I remember that on the album cover Bowie looked a lot like Mr. Halladay (Uncle Wally) who taught me grade 7 and 8.

I saw the man who fell to earth last November and found myself laughing alone in the theatre. The director of the movie showed an annoying concern with his art, if he had concealed his concern it would have been a better movie, and funnier. I'm sure Bowie thought he was making a Marx Brothers epic. The movie doesn't really say much about Bowie's ability to act, and one can forgive much in one's heroes.

### II

David Bowie, of course, plays a central role in the development of the album as a form of art. He is the great synthesist who, by borrowing from everybody else, creates a new art. When I first heard him on *Ziggy Stardust* I connected him with the Moody Blues, who had more or less, invented the concept album. I also connected him with the Bee Gees, Elton John and Engelbert Humperdinck. Despite the album cover I imagined him in a tuxedo performing in front of a Frank Sinatra style orchestra. Such is the confusion of youth and the influence of television in our lives.



I refused to associate David Bowie with Alice Cooper because I didn't like Alice Cooper until sometime between grade nine and ten. Everyone else was making this connection. I remember "Tiger Beat" magazine asking twelve year old girls to choose between David Bowie and Alice Cooper as alternative heart throbs. I think that they proposed to analyze the girls' personality on the basis of their choice. This was strange because, at the time, both were posing as homosexuals for some sort or other.

The Moody Blues' concept albums were exciting for a fourteen year old when I was fourteen, but I'm twenty-two now and they're awful. We are all romantics when we are fourteen. At the time nobody was saying that *Ziggy Stardust* was a concept album but I simply assumed that it was. It didn't have a plot but then concept albums weren't supposed to have plot, they were supposed to have a concept. The word "concept" became an anachronism very quickly: something that Robin Williams proves with the title of his record "Reality... What a Concept!". The word "concept" here betrays someone who was young in 1973 and never grew up. A figure that is now worthy of laughter.

What *Ziggy Stardust* did have was characters and a theme. Rather than the usual rock and roll lyrics that directly addressed adolescent issues: like sex and fear and death to be answered with alienation, Bowie wrote "dramatic lyrics", around a single theme (heroes and her worship). — Bowie is quite a Victorian and made *Ziggy Stardust* into the first of a new kind of album. *Ziggy Stardust* takes the step forward from the unity of state of mind on the Beatie's Double White albums and the schlocky romanticism of any of the Moody Blues albums (strangely their best was the first, *Nights In White Satin*, made while they were still under the tutelage of Paul McCartney) and creates a new art form, the concept album. —

Of course nobody says "concept album" anymore, but we need a term to indicate the difference between these units, or works, and simple records — collections of recorded music. David Bowie is still out there making concept albums even if no one says concept album anymore, and too many people use the word album for things like Billy Joel records, which can be good or bad, but which are not the same thing.

This new art form which David Bowie, along with many others, created is still in its infancy, and still largely unrecognized. This may sound like I'm claiming a lot for a little — something like a twelve year old claiming eternal value for Donny Osmond records — but any claims for an art in its infancy will seem exaggerated. Monteverdi's claim for opera would have been absolutely silly if they weren't true. Like opera in its infancy and in its reinvention by Wagner) the album, though it uses new musical techniques, is not primarily in musical art: it is primarily literary.

### II

This literary musical form has a place in the history of our culture. The history of western culture is a pattern of increasing stratification and divorce of one section of culture for another. The development of this stratification basically follows the history of education and class. It goes something like this:

In the beginning there was only one level of culture for European man and everybody participated in it. This is pre-Christian and pre-Roman culture and is too long ago to talk about. At this time there was only one level of education and only one class, and society had a basically tribal organization. This is a very dim memory in European culture although more recent in African culture for example.

With the creation of the Roman Empire and the introduction of Christianity Europe undergoes a commercial revolution. The money economy begins, there is a greater mobility of both goods and people and the nation state arises to protect this new mobility. With this comes institutionalized education (a byproduct of Christianity), a two tiered class structure and a two tiered culture. Culture is divided into culture and folk culture. It also could be divided into literate and nonliterate culture; it's the same division.

These two kinds of culture had a fairly close relationship. Joquin des Pres borrowed folk tunes for his complicated masses and townspeople sang church music at dances and staged episodes from the Bible.

On the heels of the commercial revolution comes the industrial revolution, and with it a new class (the middle class) and a three tiered culture to replace the two tiered system. This was not an overnight process though we often talk about how sudden a change the industrial revolution was. It takes a while for a new class and a new level of culture to develop. The new stratification didn't really solidify until things like James Watt's steam engine brought about the second half of the industrial revolution (what might be called the heavy industrial revolution) in the nineteenth century. It was with this second half of the industrial revolution that the middle class became such a large consumer power that they had the upper class both politically and culturally on the run.

Culture came in three categories: high, low and folk. Low culture is the contribution of the new middle class who are literate but not literate enough for high culture, which was becoming an increasingly complicated tradition. Mathew Arnold's essays are about the rise of middle class culture, whereas Carlyle's essays are about the rise of middle class political and economic power: they were both commenting on the same phenomenon.

During the 1870's and 1880's high culture was producing Wagner's music-dramas, low culture was producing Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas, and folk culture was producing the sea shanties of New England whalers. All of this, we would now say, is great art, but at the time there was an ever increasing tendency to attribute a value to art by virtue of what strata of culture it came from. The terms "high" and "low" were meant to imply this value system and the word culture was thought to apply to what we now call folk culture. The pervasiveness of this system of values is demonstrated by the career of John Sullivan of the Gilbert and Sullivan team. Sullivan was enormously successful writing operettas with Richard Gilbert but he felt that in order to live up to his calling as an artist he had to write some serious music in the tradition of high culture. John Sullivan's high art is dreary and rightfully forgotten while such inspired tunes as "The Modern Major General" have survived a hundred years. What is important though is not that Sullivan failed at high art, but that he, a capable and-aware artist, succumbed to this value system.

cont'd





INNIS COLLEGE  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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"... and to all a Good night!"



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Continued



The new three tiered system of culture had barely fortified its position when it came under attack, and it still is under attack, by the technological revolution. The technological revolution begins with the application of electricity. It first touches the world of culture with radio, and the first property of culture it touches is music. Marconi made the first transatlantic broadcast sometime around 1880, but it wasn't until the first world war, when the twentieth century really began, that economics brought about the ownership of radios by a large part of European and American society.

High culture is a bust on the radio. A person cannot listen to five and one half hours of Tristan and Isolde on the radio, especially on a 1920 crystal witness. So music hall tunes and jazz battled for possession of radio land. Eventually the vigour of the American dream overcame and jazz reigned supreme. In order to survive music hall tunes had to join with jazz elements to produce tin pan and alley and Broadway show tunes (the American music hall).

Jazz practically invented popular culture, and popular culture took over as the middle class culture. The old nineteenth century low culture had been exactly parallel to high culture. It mirrored high culture in all its forms — where high culture had music dramas, low culture had melodrama. Jazz, however, was a middle class entertainment (performed by lower class artists) that had no corresponding form in high culture. Where nineteenth century low culture had often been a cheap replication of high culture, jazz made popular culture independent of high culture with an integrity of its own, to be judged on its own criterion (it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing). The value system that John Sullivan suffered under is less and less meaningful in popular culture.

Popular culture is accessible and appealing to all. The proliferation of the technology it feeds upon (radio, television, tape recorders, record players, etc.) has also made it unavoidable. And with the onslaught of popular culture high culture has retreated to the universities. The retreat began in the 1920's in the world of music with Arnold Schoenberg and others who found that they could not survive unless they could sell their work and themselves to universities. The market for high culture had been shrunk by the expansion of popular culture to the point where it could not support the most important and creative artists of the time. Today there is not a major composer who has not, at some time, worked for a university. From Murray Schaefer through Morton Subotnick to Penderecki, even when they are not working for a university they use university facilities and need the university seal of approval to make their work marketable.

This process, whereby the academe takes over cast off high culture, is now repeating itself in other arts. The most obvious current example is the rise of the writer in residence. Only one hundred years ago there could be such a thing as a critic (Friedrich Nietzsche, for example) who did not work for a university. Could Northrop Frye exist outside of the academic world.

Popular culture has also been forcing folk culture out of existence. It has fallen to academic culture to record folk culture before it does. This is purely an exercise in history. It is also a discipline that began and is most developed in music. Bela Bartok and his contemporaries invented ethnomusicology partly as a reaction to the disappearance of folk culture. During the 1960's the folk music movement spoke romantically of preserving a folk music tradition that was disappearing along with the culture that it belonged to. In their attempts to preserve folk music they almost systematically destroyed it by amalgamating styles, playing it on the wrong instruments and playing it in concert settings over loud-speaker systems. Bela Bartok knew that he had no hope of preserving Hungarian folk culture, because in the final analysis people want to move to the city, get a good job, buy a refrigerator and a transistor radio. All Bartok could do was record the culture and its music, which he did.

If academic culture has become the preserve of a small group who not only receive the specialized education required to participate in academic culture, but who subsequently choose academic culture over popular culture. (And though the academic culture has important economic and political power it is clear that they are a marginal group in society — ask yourself how many radio stations you can listen to Mahler on, and how many you can hear Billy Joel on and then admit that the Mahler stations are subsidized by Billy Joel listeners.)

And if folk culture is simply disappearing as more and more of the world is subject to the technological revolution then it would seem that western culture is returning to its original state in which everyone participates in the same culture, popular culture. This is what Marshall McLuhan called the "global village." The conclusion that we all participate in the same culture and possess the same art once we succumb to popular culture is, of course, wrong. As society transforms itself with new economies and new technologies it does not become less stratified but more stratified. There is no reason why the pattern that we have seen develop with the other major changes in our civilization — the pattern of more complicated relationships and heavier ties in the culture — should reverse itself with this revolution.

Popular culture is capable of being broken at any point and reassembled in any configuration. Popular culture contains a huge amount of material and every kind of art. One person is capable of participating in only a small part of it and a person's social class, economic class, and education can be defined by the popular art that an individual chooses. Every individual in the society defines his popular culture, and his popular culture defines him.

We can all tell the difference between Lawrence Welk fans and David Bowie fans. Neither group knows the art of the other group but both assume a dislike of the alien art. The Lawrence Welk fan is likely to have certain possessions, dress in a certain way, have a certain type of job, education, and hold certain values. Few of these elements are likely to correspond in the David Bowie fan. If we were to go on to enumerate the complete record collection of the Lawrence Welk fan, or the complete record collection of the David Bowie fan, and look also at the literature they read and the art they like, we could specify the difference between this David Bowie fan and other David Bowie fans, or this Lawrence Welk fan and other Lawrence Welk fans. We could arrive at a picture of the individual almost as clear as what we might arrive at from a personal knowledge of him.

This principle of definition of the individual by the art he identifies with works best with popular music simply because there is so much more popular music to choose from than television, for example. I would guess that there has been about as much popular music in the twentieth century as there has been art music in the history of Europe before the twentieth century. It is also the most accessible of the popular arts; anybody can listen to a radio — you don't even have to own one and you don't have to speak English. Not anybody can read a book.





# Art/Rock



## IV

What are the possibilities of an artist who can master the whole of this literature? If an artist could be aware of the entire range of the literature of popular music, and knew the place of popular music in the history of western culture, and if that artist was capable of synthesizing this material in the creation of his own, original art, what would he produce?

If an artist is aware of the way that each individual defines himself by the art he chooses, and is aware that this is most obviously the case in adolescent culture, the artist would first work in adolescent forms and second would be aware of what Northrop Frye calls the three A's of the modern curriculum: alienation, anxiety, and absurdity. The stress would fall on alienation.

Rock and roll provides us with two excellent symbolic analogies for the experience of alienation. They are the man from (or the man in) outer space, and the drug addict. David Bowie is the man who has brought these symbols into the sharpest focus.

## ASHES TO ASHES

Do you remember a guy that's been  
in such an early song  
I've heard a rumour from Ground Control  
Oh no, don't say it's true  
They got a message from the Action Man  
I'm happy, hope you're happy too  
I've loved all I've needed love  
sordid details following

The shrieking of nothing is killing me  
Just pictures of Jap girls in synthesis  
And I ain't got no money and I ain't got no hair  
But the planet is glowing

Ashes to ashes funk to funky  
We know Major Tom's a junkie  
strung out in heaven's high  
Hitting an all time low

Time and again I tell myself  
I'll stay clean tonight  
But the little green wheels are following me  
Oh no, not again  
I'm stuck with a valuable friend  
I'm happy, hope you're happy too  
One flash of light but no smoking pistol  
I've never done good things  
I've never done bad things  
I've never done anything out of the blue  
I want an axe to break the ice  
I want to come down right now

Ashes to ashes funk to funky  
We know Major Tom's a junkie  
Strung out in Heaven's high  
Hitting an all time low

My mama said to get things done  
You better not mess with Major Tom

Throughout the *Scurry Monsters* album, which "Ashes to Ashes" comes from, Bowie brings together all of the vocabulary that he has used over the years and explains it. The album is a kind of consolidation of the meaning of his art up to this point. "Ashes to Ashes" is the most obvious example of this with its direct reference to Bowie's first, and probably his largest, hit single, "Space Oddity." "Ashes to Ashes" connects the two most important and impressive analogues for alienation; the drug addict and the man in outer space.

These are effective analogues for alienation in the modernist landscape. The man in space is cut off from the whole of society and from nature. He has no stimulus other than those deliberately and artificially provided for him. Bowie first takes advantage of this in *Space Oddity* with the exchange between Major Tom and Ground Control. Ground Control is Major Tom's only contact with the world and provides him with the only available picture of it. Ground Control dictates to him a world without meaning, about which he has no choice and over which he has no control. The only choice that Major Tom can and finally does, exercise over the world is to cut off communication with Ground Control — essentially committing suicide to the world.

This alienated man is also the hero. — the newspapers want to know whose shirt he wears, — and as a hero he holds the same position, both physically and socially, as the artist. He is able to look down upon the world and report on its condition. This is why it's appropriate that Major Tom should reappear as a drug addict. The drug addict is not only alienated from the world but is alienated from his own body; he manipulates his reality with chemicals and the chemicals in turn manipulate him because he is himself a part of the reality he is trying to escape. As a victim of his own chemicals the drug addict can even be said to be less than human. A drug addict in space (the Major Tom of "Ashes to Ashes") is the most alienated man possible — exiled from society and from himself — and is therefore the best possible artist because he is the most objective consciousness.

The relationship between Ground Control and Major Tom is reversed in *Ashes to Ashes*. Whereas in *Space Oddity* Major Tom could only react to Ground Control, Major Tom now takes the initiative, describing the world to Ground Control; Ground Control takes a message from the Action Man. Major Tom's message is that he doesn't want to be the hero or the artist anymore.

"I want an axe to break the ice  
I want to come down right now"

This is, of course, impossible because Ground Control exercises no control and neither does Major Tom.

"Time and again I tell myself  
I'll stay clean tonight"

Major Tom tries to deny his role as hero by describing his life as an effect without a cause:

"One flash of light but no smoking pistol  
I've never done good things  
I've never done bad things  
I've never done anything out of the blue"

But this is what makes him both a hero and an artist. His life is a medium through which the world expresses itself; he has no freedom and no individuality.



## VII

Both Major Tom and Ziggy Stardust, the two spacemen artists, are victims of other people's perceptions of them. In *Moonage Daydream* Ziggy breaks down into nonsense as he tries to strike a pose that suits everybody. In contrast Major Tom is constantly removing himself farther from the world in his attempt to avoid his role, and ironically becomes a more and more appropriate artist. Both commit the rock and roll suicide with opposite results. Neither can completely self-destruct because it is not an appropriate reflection to the world. They can, however, commit rock and roll suicide by subjecting themselves entirely to the world around them. Major Tom does this by becoming a drug addict and alienating himself from the world. Ziggy does it by becoming an artist and subsuming the world in himself.

These two images — the image of Major Tom drifting away from the world and Ziggy Stardust coming into the world and making himself the centre of it — define the comic and tragic poles in Bowie's work. Bowie's tragic vision, like Shakespeare's in *King Lear*, is one in which the horror of tragedy is not in failure but in ultimate alienation. Bowie's comic vision can best be described as the opposite of this.

"Give me your hand for you're not alone/wonderful"

## VIII

It is the tragic and comic vision of Bowie's that makes it especially significant in the setting of modernism. This is not to say that Bowie has yet to produce either a comedy or tragedy to date. Though an argument could be made for a comic structure in *Ziggy Stardust*. If the comic structure of a story involves a character who tries to impose a structure on an absurd world, then it is obvious that Ziggy is such a character. But it must be remembered that in order to impose this structure Ziggy must commit the rock and roll suicide and sacrifice his individuality.



All of Bowie's albums are satirical rather than tragic, comic or epic. This is obvious especially in the more recent tunes, such as "Up the Hill Backwards" and "Fashion," but is also true of older material like "The Year of the Diamond Dogs." More importantly, the albums follow satirical structure as a whole. The albums begin by plunging the listener into dramatic situations and dramatic characters that are so extreme that we must react to them and then, at the end, usually the last cut of an album, he pulls us away from the drama to let us judge the situation from a great distance. There is no resolution of any of the conflicts established in the body of the work. Side one of "Heroes" is an excellent example of satirical form. Bowie uses an extremely interesting variation of this form with "Scary Monsters," in which the song that performs the important role of judgement is presented twice: first at the beginning of the album and then at the end. In the first version of the song the lyrics are translated into Japanese and the arrangement of electric sounds is particularly harsh and extreme. It seems that we are in pandemonium with the first cut. By the time we arrive at the end of side two we have been subjected to such a detailed picture of absurdity that we are reconciled to the viewpoint of that initial blast of confusion and Bowie gives us a resigned and reconciled version of that first song.

Satire is, of course, the most characteristic form of the twentieth century. Beckett's *Waiting For Godot* is misnamed; it is not a "tragicomedy" it is a satire and the reason modern novels like Barthe's *Giles's Gout* Boy and Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* are picaresque is that the picaresque novel, more than any other kind of novel, lends itself to satire. What is significant about Bowie's satire is the possibility for either tragic or comic vision.

There is very little in the way of tragedy or comedy in the twentieth century (there is a great deal of farce but almost no comedy). Many have declared that these two are impossible arts in this society. How then does Bowie achieve tragic and comic vision while maintaining a satirical form? I think that Bowie does this by means of a limited sympathy for all of his characters while maintaining a minimum sympathy for the settings of the characters. One does not feel sympathetic toward Beckett's characters, though one might pity them. This is intentional on Beckett's part: he distances the audience from characters by making them very alien, and from the play by constantly reminding the audience that it is a play in the lines of one or all of the characters. You may pity Vladimir, Estragon, Pozzo and Lucky but you cannot have sympathy for them. On the other hand Bowie's characters soliloquize in song form and because they speak their thoughts and feelings directly to the audience (it is not something we overhear, as in a play) there is more potential for sympathy. When, for instance, the young lover of "Queen Bitch" comes in see how he has been victimized by his omnisequal consort he is alone in his eleventh floor hotel room and he lies down on the bed to consider his course of action and he says,

The bed is so cold  
I don't feel like no bed at all.

At this point we sympathize with someone who finds himself degraded by a situation but knows that there is nothing to replace this when he withdraws from it. The young lover will be the architect of his own loneliness and though we may not personally have ever been gifted by a transvestite sex maniac we can sympathize with the young man.

## IX

A confusion of art and the artist is one of the most peculiar characteristics of modern art. If you told to anyone who reads Sylvia Plath or Alan Ginsberg, you may be convinced that they are not so much critical readers as personality cultists. Poets like Alan Ginsberg or Thom Gunn will deliberately confuse their art and their lives because they feel that a separation between art and life is false — that life is an art. No one has the opportunity to achieve a fusion of art and life to the extent that a rock and roll artist can. The likes of Thom Gunn must stand in awe at the achievement of David Bowie in the transformation of his life into art.

David Bowie has used his life, as art, to reinforce the tension between union and alienation that he stresses in his albums. By making himself androgynous and bisexual he implies a union with all people. His sexuality embraces, and is sympathetic with, more than all genders but with all humanity. By even an attempt to become all people by becoming all sexes, however, he alienates himself from most of society. Such omnisexuality is hard to even imagine let alone accept as genuine.



Bowie has done more with sex than other rock and rollers such as Mick Jagger, who has made the various nuances of connubial love into an analogue for the relationships of all of society. Bowie has portrayed the vagaries of lust and love in such a way to point to a rather Elizabethan idea of the tension between, and interdependence of, nature and civilization.

The need for both the Dionysian and the Apollonian creates both frustrations and aspirations in the lives of Bowie's characters. Nietzsche would certainly realize that for Lady Stardust to sing a song of darkness and disgrace represents the high art of Dionysus, for which the Apollonian is necessary. It is not hard to see how a character caught between the Dionysian and the Apollonian with whom the audience might feel sympathetic could be tragic, or how satire could keep the drama from becoming tragic.

Rock and roll is an adolescent art form. As an adolescent art form it deals directly with adolescent concerns: fear, sex, death and alienation. Tragedy, from Sophocles to Shakespeare, has always dealt with exactly these issues. It may be that twentieth century tragedy will not be a product of academic art, which has been ardently searching for it, but of popular art, which hasn't been looking for it at all, and probably won't know it when it does produce it.

Just as Woody Allen comes very close to producing comedy but always settles for farce I don't think that David Bowie will ever produce tragedy. Just as Woody Allen is capable of comic vision, David Bowie is capable of tragic vision. What is remarkable is that both these artists have derived their vision from a culture that is so fragmented that every individual in the culture is alienated by means of the fragment of culture he latches on to. This alienation and confusion is what we know as absurdity. Comedy, in this context is a movement from absurdity to structure; tragedy is a movement from structure to absurdity. The reason that Woody Allen produces farce and David Bowie produces satire is that neither artist is capable of portraying such a movement into or out of structure. Both artists see structure as an illusion and therefore both artists portray man courting this illusion in the context of absurdity. Those characters who believe their myth of structure live a lie, and those who reject structure live in ridiculous despair.

If culture is so fragmented that it creates an absurd topography then art cannot portray movement within culture since all points are equivalent on a map of absurdity. Every point in a non-structure is this point and this point is valueless because its value is the same as all other points. Modern art, therefore, portrays movement only from nowhere to nowhere; the only thing differentiating stories is the route taken. We can only thank David Bowie for contributing the most important element to the telling of the story — sympathy for the travellers.

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# Around the Town with Connie and Lola

by Lola Fairyhair  
and Connie Allbright



We were flipping through some world-class publications the other day, getting ideas and seeing if any of ours had been recently stolen, and were particularly entertained by Esquire's "Date" column. In this column, Esquire, (they have such dishy male models) takes some alluring young celebrity out on the town and reports on the whole evening. In detail. Perfect, we thought, since we're always in search of new companions. We leave in our wake a trail of exhausted escorts. The problem was, who could amuse us, and our readers, who isn't already passé, or, you know, funny?

Now, don't get the wrong idea. Funny's just fine by us. Some of our dearest friends are, you know, *really* funny. Hilarious, even, if you know what we mean. More and more of them it seems. Especially lately. Make a girl a hit nervous at times. Anyway, we just didn't fancy an evening at the Barracks with the possible risk of a 'found in' charge. The folks just wouldn't understand, and besides, who wants to read their own name in the Sun? .

Well, as you might know from previous columns, we're pretty cozy with the folks at the Windsor Arms. So we called up to see who, if anyone, was registered. Nothing hut Duds. You know, — diplomats, game show hosts, couple of hockey players. Quel drag. Luckily for us, Lola was watching Celebrity Cooks and who should be deep frying squid with oily old Bruno (by the way, how did Bruno Gerussi get third degree burns to his face? Bobbing for onion rings.) but Connie's heartthrob from way back — Samuel Beckett!

Several hundred phone calls later, we located the cute little enigma at, of all places, the fun on the Park. We made it quite clear to his press secretary that even Big Fans like us could hardly be expected to weather the savage landscapes of Don Mills for a celebrity date. Finally it was all set. The following night, at 6 p.m. sharp, we were to have cocktails with Samuel Beckett in the Rooftop lounge of the Park Plaza. And from there — downhill all the way; we planned to show Mr. B. the dark underbelly of Toronto nightlife, thereby indulging our own tastes for the seamy side, while at the same time providing our guest with lots and lots of material for those depressing plays of his.

Well, we're sorry to report that we waited a full forty-five minutes for that man. Finally Lola asked, simply, "What *are* we waiting for?". We put an end to the whole game and left in search of happy days.

We slid into a cab at Bay and Bloor and who should we find behind the wheel, paying off his Christmas Chagex, but our favourite terminal ladies man, Lenny Cohen. God knows we aren't what you'd call poetry buffs — Connie has to lie down after reading a Hallmark card greeting — but that man is *devastating* in a black turtleneck. After much hilarity, we allowed Lenny, who really isn't too familiar with the layout of the city, to take us down to the river. Once we were dropped at the Don there was nowhere to go but up. We decided against a swim, voting instead for dinner. We have what you might call healthy appetites. Like everyone else, we think a lot

about eating and sleeping. Only more so. It was far too early for bed, and the only other oral gratification that made sense at this point was food.

Subs and pizza were out, since we were both sporting lavender evening gloves. And chopsticks are so pretentious. The neon lighting at Harvey's melts our make-up. And we were overdressed for the trough at Rudy's. The Innis pub was out of the question, since it's only open for forty minutes of the day. We opted for the comforts of home and copped a cab for the Courtyard. Fortunately, we were spared yet another evening of high-class ennui by our fetchingly hasic cabbie, who suggested the more earthbound charms of the Morrissey Tavern. (Yonge Street, east side, north of Bloor — major cards accepted, and god knows, we've been out with our share of major cards.)

The place is delightful. Why, we had to step over three English T.A.'s just to get a table at the back by the shuffleboard. Just for fun, we rolled up our elbow-length evening gloves and started hoisting draft with the regulars. Connie won \$7 hustling Space Invaders and we spent it all on potato chips which we shared liberally with a couple of highly amusing steel-workers. We were amazed to learn that although they possess a limited vocabulary, steel-workers have usually well-developed imaginations. We discovered this when they suggested some possible after-hours activities. Although intrigued, we declined.

For our hearts were heavy. We'd fought it bravely all evening, but sadness was setting in. Depression, even. We'd been stood up by Samuel Beckett, and it hurt. For some reason, our gentlemen friends found it difficult to accept this as a valid reason for our sudden change of face. As a matter of fact, they didn't buy it at all, and we were forced to resort to other methods of departure. Specifically: "Leave-taking — Plan B". We surreptitiously set the shuffleboard on fire and in the ensuing pandemonium were able to give our well-built but somewhat tiresome companions the slip.

Arson always gives us an appetite, and for some reason it's bagels we crave after one of our flaming diversions. We bagged the first northbound cab and squealed with delight when we again discovered Lenny C. at the wheel, looking somewhat the worse for wear by this point. (Lola counted six different shades of lipstick on his sweater — no mean feat when you consider that we're discussing a black turtleneck at midnight in a dark taxi) but highly attractive nonetheless.

We stormed the Bagel World (Bathurst and Wilson) and grabbed a dozen extra large with extra butter. Returning to our waiting chariot, a tense moment followed. But just when we were about to tell him that we had no cash to give him, old Lenny got us on his wavelength, and it was back down to the river, where we watched the boats go by, all three of us together. We agreed that Beckett was passé, and probably, you know, funny and we ate bagels all night by the banks of the river Don.

## Why I Enjoy Being a Girl

Constance  
Allbright

It's sort of unusual for me to be writing about personal-type things like deep feelings and commitments and so forth, but I think it's high time, since I'm a fairly deep person, and nobody else wants to write about personal-type and profound issues much anymore anyway.

Dear me, where was I? Oh yes, deep feelings. Well, I'd like to say right off the bat, so to speak, that I do indeed enjoy being a girl. Perhaps it's simply because I'm especially good at it, but never mind. The fact remains that I'd rather be female than male for the following reasons:

### 1. I never get speeding tickets.

You're probably thinking that it's because I get driven all over the place by other people, specifically, males. This is almost true. However, I'll be darned if I'll start converting miles into kilometres on those rare instances when I borrow Dad's car for some errands.

Now let's face it. Most of our policemen are lonely and bored. Poor souls, what an awful job they have. They drive those loud yellow cars and are forced to wear ill-fitting trousers with, of all things, red stripes down the legs. And those huge black shoes make them look like clowns at a funeral. I guess motorcycle police have it the worst, with those pants that puff out at the hips. Anyway, I learned long ago that all they need is some friendly conversation to break up the monotony of the day, and perhaps a bit of flattery to offset the negative effects their apparel must have on their pitiful egos. This arrangement keeps my record clean and makes one civil servant's life a little more bearable.

### 2. Make-up.

I've yet to meet a face, male or female, that couldn't use improvement. But you just can't get away with it unless you're a girl, or unless you're, you know, funny. I myself have not been seen without mascara by a living soul since I turned 13. As a matter of fact, when I first began entertaining gentlemen in an overnight capacity, so to speak, I was quick to purchase one of those ingenious little wristwatches with the teeny alarm built in. Set it for 6 a.m., paint up the old face, get huck in the sack and remain motionless til noon, usually. Never mind, it's worth it to see the bedazzlement on their faces when they get a load of yours. I've even mastered sleeping with my eyes open. You can too.

### 3. War.

Is hell. That's what they say and I'm prepared to believe them. It's also noisy, dirty, has a tendency to take place in loathsome jungles halfway across the world and a person can get killed. I've spoken to my girlfriends on this point and we concluded with ease that global conflict is no place for a lady.

Let the lads handle it. I say. If they get a blast out of dressing up like doormen and charging around godforsaken landscapes in organized groups, good luck to them. I'll take Manhattan.

And those are just three of the reasons why I enjoy being a girl. I've left out living longer, getting things paid for (like movies, dinners, rents) receiving gifts, and generally getting one's own way, since these advantages are obvious and really need no explanation. Please check this column next month when I'll be discussing "Why I enjoy being an intellectual." Till then, Ciao.





## A Midwestern Scenario

by J. Ward

There is a huge field, open under the sun. A white stone road moves beside it and a girl is walking slowly, barefoot. On the road. In the field a man stands beside a red tractor, his hand on the hood. His back is turned to the white road. He strokes the tractor for a moment, then climbs into the seat and begins to drive. Away from the white road that borders the open field. The barefoot girl is walking, almost dancing — the road is so hot and sharp with stones. She turns off the road and fights through the tall grain, moving toward the centre of the pathless field, toward the man, the tractor, the dry skyline. It is too soon to shout his name. She draws her knees up, plunges her feet down, grasps and tears at the stalks while the field throws handfuls of black birds and insects into the air with her every step.

The tractor travels in a slow diagonal. The man is the highest point for miles around. He is still under the sun. The girl has cut her hands and stops to wipe the blood on her dress, and to breathe a little. She wavers as she stands, — because she is tired, and because there is nowhere to stand. Her bare feet crush the stalks of grain but do not touch the earth.

The tractor stops. The man sits motionless. Again she strains toward his shining back. She is almost there. She sees him climbing down and chokes for a moment on a bug, caught at the back of her throat. She coughs and calls his name. And coughs again. Standing in the field now, he faces her. His hand is on the tractor. She stands before him, breathing and smoothing the skirt of her dress. As she draws a strand of hair away from the corner of her mouth, he pushes his dark glasses up onto his forehead and smiles at her expectantly with sightless eyes.

## Near Rhyme

by Michael Swan

Drown me in deep waters,  
hold me submerged,  
I will not struggle,  
I have the courage.

I'll watch the light pierce the surface,  
like maws through my eyes,  
and I'll listen to you splash  
before breathe in the tide.

I promise never to transcend  
that moving plane you float on  
until I'm white and bloated  
and stupid as a stone.

I only want to feel your hands  
push hard against my shoulders,  
your palms on my skin,  
something like lovers.

## A Poem That Is Like A Silent Movie In Which The Hero Is Desire

(for three readers)

Michael Swan

1.)

There is a body  
sunken in the dark, deep silence  
gasping for the art of conversation.

There is a woman  
standing on a rock-hard mountain  
screaming for the man in darkness.

There is a body  
suspended above a hill  
crying for the body in the dark.

There is a light  
pulling the body from the dark,  
a light for the blind man wandering.

The sun in the desert  
is touching the mad, loud woman,  
holding her in golden suspension.

Here is desire  
that is stupid and pointless,  
waiting in the garden of the rich man.

2.)

You don't understand,  
You're waiting for the next line  
to tell you what you missed.

3.)

Hold the woman.  
Hold the man.  
Is the woman  
from Japan?

How many men  
till this poem?  
There is a woman too

2.)

Why don't your eyes  
wander now?  
I have been too rude

3.)

Is there time  
for these lines?

2.)

Are there tears  
for my tears?

3.)

It's too late  
for tonight.

2.)

I'm not the romantic for you.

3.)

Hold the woman.  
Hold the man.  
Is the woman  
from Japan?

2.)

The mystery of the east,  
the beauty and the beast,  
crack your skull —  
you are dull.

3.)

Can't you focus your mind  
on the decay of my mind?  
Does your blood run through my pelvis?  
And is that all it is?

1.)

There is a body bleeding.  
There is a monster feeding.  
Tocatta and fugue in D minor

3.)

Is this poem about desire?  
About death?  
Is the woman on fire?  
Who is drowning?  
Who is in the dark?  
How long has he been there?  
Is he dead?  
What happened to the rhyme scheme?  
Are you responsible?  
Are you holding the woman?  
Is this impossible?

2.)

You have forgotten the suspended man  
who cries for the man in the dark.  
You have forgotten the light that slowly  
pulls the silent man from the dark.  
You have forgotten the touch of the sun  
on the woman suspended on the mountain;  
golden, holding, burning, hating, bleeding  
from the sky. (The rich man has no place here.)  
How can you even talk about this poem  
if you don't keep track of the characters?  
Now, watch for desire

1.)

Piano sonata number thirty, opus one-oh-nine.

3.)

Beethoven's?

1.)

There is no motion under the sun.  
It is still till the cool evening.  
No-one wonders what's to be done.  
Minds will run in the evening.

And,

the sun is an atomic bomb on the horizon.  
The man in the cave  
hears the man crying.  
The woman on the rock  
stops screaming.  
It is a silent atomic bomb.  
And now there is a love triangle.  
And soon it will be the end.

The body is rising  
from its sunken darkness  
The woman is waiting  
in the sun, in the desert  
The light is there  
for the man in darkness.  
And that man suspended over the hill  
waits

2.)

Now they sing the silent song  
and we all sing along.

3.)

Who told you?  
Where is the clue?

2.)

Watch for desire

1.)

She is still suspended on the rocks  
in the light of heaven screaming loud  
And the sky is sheet metal above the clouds  
Is it falling? Should she duck? The rocks  
will hold her up. That's her luck. Why does  
she scream? Where is her lover? Who loves  
the woman suspended in the light from above,  
burning in the clearness of her image? She does.  
The body is still in the dark, hanging  
These days in the cave, bleeding  
Lying on cold stones, waiting  
Suspended in the dark, hoping  
With just one question begging  
Is there any art in conversation?

# ROCKERS

by Catherine Russell

While in the past few years North American popular music has been heavily influenced by reggae, the culture behind that music has received little attention. Its origins are in the Rastafarian movement in Jamaica, a religious cult heralding the return to Africa, the reggae rhythms and lyrics reflecting their beliefs. The Rastas hold marijuana as the sacred herb that allows true knowledge of the Bible (which was misinterpreted by a white man), and praise King Salassic, an ancient king of Ethiopia, as the true descendant of Abraham, and prophet of Jah (God). They see the Western world as a chaotic Babylon without the conception of the true brotherhood of man.

The *Harder They Come*, made in 1973 featuring Jimmy Cliff, about reggae and the Rastafarians, is perhaps the best known film about the culture. Cliff, a struggling musician in Kingston, meets a tragic end, the film's pessimism reflecting the corruption in Babylon.

The *Rockers*, now at Cineplex, looks at the brighter side of things, by bringing out the Rastafarian optimism which is essential to their doctrine of the eventual return to African purity. Made in Kingston with honest-to-Jah Rastas, by a Greek director, the film is a real high in more ways than one. (Though at the Cineplex, of course, one must do without the olfactory atmosphere that the film requires.) The simple, optimistic, and pacifistic storyline would hold up in no other context except this specifically Rastafarian one, where it becomes more of a parable than anything else. A modern fairy-tale, injected with the reggae spirit. But it's more than an entertaining fiction hacked by some great music, because it is also — and there's no doubt that director Balaloukas intended it — a documentary about the Rastafarians.

What is immediately unique about the film is the subtitling, which simply makes the pidgin English intelligible to us honkies without altering the odd grammatical constructions. (Unlike *The Harder They Come*, which translates all the speech into standard English.) This adds an unusual dimension of authenticity to the film, and also allows an insight into the culture in the way the English language has been adopted. For instance, "I" becomes "I-man", "you" becomes "the-I", "you take this," referring to a gift, becomes "the-I control this," etc.

Now one of the characteristics of the parable is that it deals with familiar events, and just the parallels this tale makes with *The Harder They Come*, lead me to believe that the protagonist, Horsemouth's, lifestyle is "typical" of the Rastas (at least those who live in Kingston), i.e. his occupation, his treatment (or mistreatment) of his woman, his easygoing temperament, his endless supply of reefers, the general poverty, and the conflict with the corrupt capitalists.

Horsemouth (Leroy Wallace) is a drummer struggling with the local record production Highboys. He buys a motorbike, gets a job at a fancy resort hotel drumming in the band, has his bike stolen, and he discovers — through the hotel owner's daughter, Sunshine — that it is "Mafia business," and Sunshine's luther is the ringleader. Horsemouth gets his pals together and they pull off one of the greatest Robin-Hood moves of all time, distributing all the contents of the hotel-owner's house — and his warehouse full of stolen goods — among the people of their neighbourhood. The motif of the stolen bike brings to mind DeSieu's neorealist *The Bicycle Thief*, and considering its retention of the natural language, the urban setting, and the "found" actors, *The Rockers* is in that tradition, at least on the level of the narrative.



A simple straightforward story, except that there are a number of places where the narrative is sidetracked. However spiritually easy-going Horsemouth might appear to live his life, there are a series of conflicts which aren't resolved in the film, merely presented. His wife complains because he can't feed "the youth," he and his pals try unsuccessfully to take over the local disco by playing reggae, and he has a brief confrontation with his Christian grandmother, whom we see leading a baptismal ceremony in the river.

The film acknowledges the problems surrounding the survival of an idealistic, optimistic ideology in third world society, but refuses to deal with them. The fairytale ending is in fact ambiguous as it centers around the symbols of the oppressor's society, as the villagers discover T.V. sets and packaged food outside their doors. As a pacifist retaliation, it is a triumph, but it also reflects the entrenchment in Babylon which is at the roots of the Rastafarian movement.

The narrative is disrupted from the other side too, adding the religious aspect to the moral, which makes the whole a parable rather than a simple story. Horsemouth has a Judah lion painted on his new bike by an artist named Jah-Wise; in despair when his bike is stolen, he goes to a friend, says "I-man feel it. See me sufferin'?", and the two of them go down to the docks, sing softly, and smoke reefers by the water; after a beating by the Mafia boys, Horsemouth recuperates with "herbs" in a shaman's hut, and it is there that he decides on his plans for retaliation.



The film opens in the shamanic hut in the Jamaican hills with a dread-locked shaman speaking (to the camera) about the brotherhood of man while a group of men pound out a steady African rhythm behind him. He wishes us "lovelife heights," and we cut to Kingston, the setting of the parable. There is a similar sequence when, at one point Horsemouth turns to us and gives a short dissertation on Jah-love and non-violence to explain why he doesn't fight back after being sent sprawling by Sunshine's father.

Because of the peculiar nature of the film, i.e., that it is first of all entertainment — at least it is when we go to Cineplex — when someone is preaching on the screen, he is not preaching to us, but for us. Any missionary intentions a film might have, when it is a feature film shown commercially, can't help but have those intentions reduced to the level of documentary. *Rockers*, as a parable, crosses that obscure line between fiction film and documentary, as the characters, plot and moral are all, in a sense, merely expressions of Rastafarian culture.

The acting, too, sets the film apart from any genre one might be tempted to put it into. From the start it's quite evident that these guys are Rastas living their usual lives, although hindered somewhat by a script and a film crew. Their movements and speech, though, in their unaffected natural rhythms, save them from had acting. The Mafia boys, on the other hand, are outrageously stiff and awkward in their parts, providing a definite contrast to Our Heroes.

There's no doubt that it's a slow-moving film. The story takes a while to get moving, but only because it is in every way a parable based in the normal flow of life, and with the number and size of the reefers, you can't expect things to go much faster. But the dialogue is entertaining in itself, as is the background music, and the cinematography captures the tropical atmosphere perfectly.

*Rockers* can't help but send its audience up to lovelife heights. I and I is guaranteed to leave the theatre with spirits raised, for it is a very spiritual film. Not excessively religious, because the Rastafarians live their beliefs rather than preach them, and this is exactly the impression that the film creates — that there can be peace and love in Babylon.

## Mysterious stuff from Byrne and Eno

by Micael Swan

Q. What do you get when you cross one of the fathers of intellectual, rock with the leader of the only really intelligent American hard exotist and African folk music?

A. More of the same.

Mind you more of the same of this calibre isn't that bad. It's just that we've come to expect that Byrne and Eno will produce something quite different from anything else each and every time out.

None of the things that Brian Eno and David Byrne do in *My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts* are exactly new. Electronic tape compositions have been going since John Cage made the first one in 1932, and they have been a part of rock and roll since John Lennon's experiments on the Beatles' *Double White* album. Europeans have been adapting the polymythmic techniques of east African drumming since the 40's, and they've been doing it in rock and roll since Oxihissa in the early seventies. This is however, probably the first entry of this particular combination to the rock and roll market. This may be the beginning of danceable musique concrete.

The overall musical sound of the album is very much like an appendix to *Remain in Light*, the Talking Heads' brilliant fourth album, one of the best of last year. The only technique used here that is not found on



*Remain in Light* is the use of selected taped voices. The voices are taken off the radio and obscure recordings of folk music. All of the voices used are either speaking or chanting, there is nothing on the album that sounds much like singing. These voices are inserted into the tracks to form a part of the complication-rhythmic pattern.

What is most striking in this album is not the musical content but the voices that Byrne and Eno choose. The voices form a literary content that lends the album thematic unity and creates an interest beyond a mere electronic melange, such as produced by Michael Oldfield or David Bedford. The album has something of a subject defined by its title, its cover art, the titles of many of the tracks, and the voices selected for the ten tracks out of eleven that use a vocal. The voices used are primarily engaged in a religious context. There is chanting of passages from the Qu'ran, a gospel singer telling a story, a radio sermon, and an exorcism. The tracks have titles like Mea Culpa, The Jezebel Spirit, Qu'ran, and Moonlight in Glory. The album cover is taken from a video by Brian Eno that uses a motif of crosses. Even the title, *My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts*, suggests the spiritual.

I'm not suggesting that Byrne and Eno have been born again, far from it. The album does, however, consistently point to the mystical as a powerful and unfathomable force in the lives of human beings. This is not an uncharacteristic use for African music and the African base of these compositions lends them an unnerving power by virtue of their rhythmic insistence.

Q. Should you buy this album?

A. Yes, especially if you want a record you can speak yourself with in the middle of the night.



# Solar Stage Fails The Lover

Cathy Smith

Husband and Wife; Lover and Whore: These terms seem to become interchangeable descriptions of a married couple, Richard and Sarah, who are the focus of action in Harold Pinter's one act play, *The Lover*. The marriage, on the surface, appears to be conventional. Richard is the conservatively suited, bowler-hatted husband who has a respectable job in the financial district. Sarah is "a woman of grace, elegance, wit, imagination." Their marriage, however, begins to take on odd overtones in the opening lines of the play. Richard calmly asks if Sarah expects her lover to come over in the afternoon and Sarah calmly responds that she does. Sarah discovers that Richard is seeing a "bony whore." To confuse, and at the same time clarify matters, Sarah's lover turns out to be none other than Richard in disguise, and naturally, Sarah is Richard's whore. In essence, the two have created a fantasy world that is the setting for the only place where they can explore and express the sexual dimension of their marriage.

This part of their lives is rigidly separated from the

rest of their daily activities. When the two meet disguised for their afternoon tryst they act out a ritual flirtation that quickly moves into aggression complete with props such as a bongo drum on which they bang out a torrid mating call. This situation has its humorous moments. Yet, at the same time, the dark undercurrents of aggression finally surface and take over the marriage. Perhaps the most disturbing scene in the play is the final image of the two locked in an embrace to the sound of Richard's final comment "You lovely whore." At this moment, the apparently real and illusory qualities of the marriage merge to the extent that it is difficult to tell whether the two characters are husband and wife or lover and whore. In fact, it becomes difficult to clearly define anything about their relationship beyond the immediate events that unfold in the play.

Solar Stage Lunchtime theatre, at its First Canadian Place location, recently mounted a production of the play. Under Gene Tishauer's direction, Judy Leigh-Johnson and Chris Kelk played out the

marriage-love affair of Sarah and Richard. Unfortunately, the production never managed to capture the full ambiguous range of emotions and tensions that are contained in Pinter's play. Johnson and Kelk never seemed entirely comfortable with the language of the play. They seemed to strain certain phrases and words. Their treatment of the trademark of a Pinter play, the pauses, seemed to accentuate them rather than make them an integral part of the flow of the meaning of the play. Furthermore, the flow of the action was restricted by the fact that after each short encounter, a blackout would follow and loud rhythmic music would pound away for a short interval of time, presumably while the actors were making frequent costume changes. In short, Solar Stage's production focused on capturing the lighter elements of the relationship between "shameless noon-time affair" that it billed the play as being but in this process, sacrificed exploring the deeper implications of the schizophrenic relationship between Richard and Sarah.

## Fiction

### August In Montreal

P. Louise Smith

I stood on the edge of the crowd and loaded my camera, hoping to squeeze some good pictures out of the Hari Krishna gathering. The audience left a great deal of space around the group but was packed tightly together; I had to push in to get through. They were watching intensely but uneasily, as if embarrassed.

Daylight was fading quickly, but the colours of the clothing still made an impact, especially along with the frantic movements and clashing music. Most camera-worthy were the facial expressions: frenzied, wide-eyed gaping from the men, who encouraged people to join in the singing (no one did), and peaceful, trance-like ecstasy from the women, whose bodies swayed rhythmically, as a group. The jarring music reached pitch after pitch, as the crowd shuffled nervously.

Only the children seemed out of place, toddling aimlessly in their painted saffron robes and gold jewellery. I was trying without success to get a picture of one of these fast-moving miniature worshippers, when one of the women scooped up a communal baby from its stroller, and began to swing it from side to side. The orange bundle started squealing, then screaming in short angry bursts. There were indignant murmurs from the crowd, as the woman swept the baby into dangerous-looking arcs, holding it awkwardly, one hand at each end. After an incompetent pirouette, she dropped it back into the stroller, where its howling competed with the chants and tambourines.

One of the little girls, tripped closer to the child. She took stubby little steps in her long orange robes, then shyly wrapped her arms around the baby. Her bracelets jangled and I clicked the shutter.



## The Herald Angels



**Lauren**  
**"Angel Face"**  
**Mould**



**Michael**  
**"The Archangel"**  
**Swan**



**Janet**  
**"Angel of Death"**  
**Ward**

**Thank You!**

**Thank You!**

**Thank You!**

This is the last issue of the Herald this year. We would like to think that we've entertained, informed, and helped pull our college together with our five zippy little tabloids, but, whether we did or not, we couldn't have done it (or not done it) without the help of a lot of extraordinary humanoids. So we've decided to take this page to thank those people and glorify ourselves.

First we would like to thank Marlon Brando who has been responsible for Janet's spiritual sustenance this year. (We would also like to assure our readers that such chatty and vomitrocious in jokes are not normally tolerated. ed.)

We would also like to thank and apologize to, Martha Davis who had almost thirty of her photographs printed in the Herald this year without ever getting credit where credit was due.

We should also thank Adam Socha, Anna Marie Smith, and Hugh Palmer for their photographic contributions.

We must thank Mary Anne Neil whose

sketches adorned our fiction.

We need also to thank our staff writers, Fiona Lucas who was enthusiastic, Doug Beal who wears a barrett, Ian Gamble who sacrificed sleep for the cause, Roddy Macdonald who contributed balance (a sculpture, some of which still stands), Danielle Savage who sacrificed the correct spelling of her name, and Catherine Russell who sacrificed herself.

A special thanks goes out to Roger Riendeau who wrote the regular *On Writing* column through thick and thin and even children. Roger has suffered nobly for the cause.

We also want to thank our publisher, the Innis College Student Society, who gave us the money and freedom to do what we wanted.

Our thanks also to Dennis Duffy and all the Innis Staff who supported us this year.

Most of all we want to thank the contributors listed below:

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